

space city!

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20¢
25¢ OUT OF
TOWN

LBJ (see p.3) & KKK (see p.6)

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marum





1217 Wichita, Houston, Texas 77004.

JOHN HAMMOND: SEXIST MUSIC

Space City:

After hearing John Hammond for the first time at Liberty Hall last Sunday, I feel compelled to express the mixed feelings he inspired in me.

My first feeling as Hammond started his set was a frenzied excitement, the kind that forces you to get up and dance to an ever-insistent beat. After the first few lines, however, I heard a phrase which sounded like "ballin' my chick" and my excitement faded. Whether I heard the phrase correctly or not didn't matter at that point, for it merely reminded me to be wary of the nearly universal degradation of women in rock music.

From then on during his set, I carefully listened and watched as Hammond cockily belted out his electrified blues, alternating feelings of disgust and excitement but never repeating my initial elation. I couldn't become totally involved in the music because I couldn't participate in my own degradation.

I debated whether to clap my hands or show any form of encouragement as an audience to the musician, and the mental struggle brought to the fore the question of the role of the audience in shaping music and musicians. Should we encourage the continuation of a sexist cultural heritage by showing approval based on tastes developed from that culture or should we develop new tastes as awareness changes and demand music to suit these tastes? I feel strongly that we must do the latter if we are to progress.

Nora
Houston



LIBERATE MONEY!

Dear Space City

One of the easiest methods of spreading a revolutionary slogan is via one of the enemy's own tools: money! Posters can be destroyed, leaflets not looked at. But everyone takes money, and none of the enemy would ever destroy it. For over a year we have been placing slogans on paper money. More than one thousand of these liberated bills are now circulating, traveling around the country, perhaps someday to land in the wallet of Spiro or J. Edgar, letting them know we are getting closer.

The choice of slogan is important. We try to use slogans which won't become obsolete during the life of the

bill (a sensitive point), and which are appropriate to the bill. Singles have that seditious old revolutionary, George Washington, and so to his left we put "Revolution Now". On his right is "Power to the People". On five's Abe Lincoln urges "Free Amerika" on his left, and "Power to the People" on his right. Alex Hamilton on tens proclaims "Abolish Money" to his left, and on the right "Free Amerika". "End Subversion by Ending Government" runs all the way around Andy Jackson on twenties. Capitalists with fifties can see U.S. Grant reminding us that "All Government Is Corrupt". On the back of all bills prints since the 1950's is the slogan "In God We Trust", to which we add "Everyone Else We Spy On".

Fountain pens work on all bills, but their ink can be washed off. Most (not all) ball point pens work on bills which are not too dirty or old, as grease and oil hinders writing on paper money. We find Bic pens work the best of the cheaper makes.

Writing on currency is theoretically a federal offense, but we have never heard of a bust for it, much less a conviction. Still, be cool at scenes where busts are likely and you will be searched. Passing liberated money is easy, and you find unexpected allies, although when asked we always deny writing on it and tell the truth about where we got the bill.

We have had comments ranging from "Oh, my God, now them damn Communists are attacking our money" to "Right on, brother!" Many sympathizers just grin and wink, since they can't be sure of us, either. About half the people don't notice anything written on a bill handed to them, but this percentage seems to drop as an area begins to be filled with liberated money.

We always pass bills face down, so the first thing noticed is the bit about spying. Many straights are uptight about governmental spies, and so react at least neutrally to our efforts, where they might not otherwise. We have never had a hassle, as the few people who ask always accept our word that the writing was on the bill when we got it. Of course, don't expect the innocent act to work ten times running with the same store clerk who wears a large American flag lapel pin.

If you don't like our slogans, make up your own. Remember, a more creative revolution is up to you.

Island Freedom Front

VITAMINS, SHRINKS & THE LATE, GREAT DYLAN

Dear Space City:

I am disgusted by the present, ob-session of your newspaper with the great Bob Dylan. Why don't you just go ahead and call him the Late and Great Bob Dylan? I regret that he was injured in a motorcycle accident -- I do not know much about him, so I assume it was the revolting narcotics they doubtless gave him, which got him hooked. Unless he is actually masochistic. There is, lately, clinical evidence that illuminates and helps to re-define some of the old quacky psychiatric theories of "cellular guilt." Could it be that Bob won't break his hook because he has Jesus on the line?

What disgusts me most is that people take Dylan for an image rather than for the gentleman he doubtless is, or will prove to be. If Mr. Weberman were less the gritty-critic and more the person, he might begin to see that Big Bob is himself human, all-too-human. Regardless how he got hooked, without our trust in his past performances -- that is, our faith -- it is unlikely that Bob will want to get well.

Psychiatrists cannot see the trees for the forest, at least, that is my opinion. They are individuals, but their first duty is to make us all stand up and salute a flag the very wearing of which is usually the sign of conservative and puritannical types.

Psychiatrists defend themselves too much to be good listeners, at least that is the case -- and I do mean case -- all too often. They are too busy telling us how to get well to hear out our symptoms and our own urges. They prefer pill-pushing to dope pushing, but I suspect there is little difference except we all know who is protected and makes more money.

Bob's genius depends largely on his humility -- open-mindedness and readiness to try that which has promise; and to pass the word along in his own way. What more, after all, is genius than the ability to articulate one's open-mindedness? I'm sure that Bob needs a good shrinker, perhaps one who is conversant with the elements of proper nutrition (which, of course, is finally believed to be as subjective at base

as quantum physics: physics go out, vitamins go in, that's all). In my experience with porpoises, I have found that they are as inarticulate to us as we sound to them. Music -- preconscious thought transference -- merely supplies that base metal from which as Omar said, "may be filed the key, that shall unlock the door He howls without." The genius for putting word to note or note to word is probably close to the ultimate in human performance. So why not treat Bob decent: Unless

Cont. on 21

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Lyndon's Bar-B-Q

by Thorne Dreyer

AUSTIN — All LBJ's friends and cronies came to town May 22, to eat barbeque and pay homage to the newly built Tower of Lyndon — the LBJ Library. There was Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew and Dean Rusk and John Connally and William Westmoreland and Richard Daley and Hubert Humphrey and Henry Kissinger. And, to make sure the ribs 'n slaw were blest by the best: Billy Graham.

But bigwigs weren't the only ones whooping it up that Saturday afternoon in peaceful Austin town. There was a demonstration/celebration/confrontation that drew over 2,000 students and freaks and other malcontents. It was a spirited, militant gathering, and it took place in defiance of a restraining order laid down the day before to prevent just such an embarrassment to Lyndon's luncheon guests.

In fact, by late afternoon a mobile group of several hundred demonstrators engaged in some "trashing" (that's jargon for vandalism with political purpose) and some minor street fighting with the cops. Twenty-nine folks were arrested, some who weren't involved in the festivities at all.

The injunction, requested by Atty. Gen. Crawford Martin, named 27 individuals prominent in the Austin (and Houston) movement scene, John and Jane Does, and 14 organizations. The groups restrained from participating in a disruptive demo included the Armadillo Mayday Tribe (a dynamic force in Austin right now), the Children of God (!) and Houston's John Brown Revolutionary League and Peoples Party II. (Houstonians Bartee Haile, James Aron and Doug Bernhardt were specifically mentioned.)

The injunction prohibited these people (that is, *everybody*, when you include Jane and John Doe) from "conducting or participating in, or encouraging, aiding or urging any other person to conduct or participate in a mass demonstration May 22. . ."

Saturday morning the Austin City Council met in emergency session and granted a parade permit to the Student Mobilization Committee to march up Guadalupe Street. But Guadalupe is far from where the real action was and less than 50 people showed up for SMC's legal parade. The last-minute permit was clearly an attempt by city officials to channel a potentially explosive situation into a safe, far away "peace march." But it didn't work.

A crowd of more than 2,000 people gathered at Peace Fountain on the east mall of the campus around 11 a.m. From there, the crowd moved to San Jacinto St., two blocks from the Library. Police barricades circumscribed the library, two blocks out in all directions. There were 500 Department of Public Safety cops, 250 of Austin's finest and 40 Texas Rangers. All except the Rangers were decked out in riot gear.

At 11:30 a.m. the UT Longhorn band played "Hail to the Chief" as Nixon made his entrance. An Austin group called Direct Action released 800 black balloons which were carried by a friendly breeze directly over the Library and the picnickers.

Then the crowd, led by a contingent of Vietnam Vets and the Mayday Tribe, moved into the street yelling and chanting. "We would like to turn in our medals in protest against the war," one Vet announced to the blank stares of the DPS. The Vets asked for permission for a representative of the Veterans to be allowed through police lines "to communicate with you peacefully." Needless to say, their request was denied. So a number of Vets threw medals and ribbons across the barricades in a bit of symbolic theater.

There was a militant spirit in the crowd, and clearly lots of folks were itching for a confrontation. A large number of demonstrators moved north down San Jacinto, climbed the hill around the Art Building, and moved to confront the police line behind the Texas Memorial Museum. At the same time, another large group of people headed for 26th St. and Red River, on the other side of the barbeque site. In both places the crowd was clearly visible to the celebrities who were eating their fill under brightly-colored tents.

Both in the street and on the hill by the Museum people were chanting loudly and beating on garbage cans. A steady pounding cadence was to mark the entire afternoon. It was free form: shirtless freaks perched in trees and atop houses, small bands developing their skills on garbage can lids and other makeshift instruments of percussion. The scene was definitely high energy.

Eventually everyone ended up at Red River and 26th, and the street was occupied. The fiercest chants were "One, Two, Three, Four, We don't want your fucking war," and one remembered from Lyndon's reign, "Hey, Hey, LBJ, How many kids did you kill today?" A number of water balloons and occasional other missiles were thrown at the police, but a clear-cut confrontation never developed. But what was going on out in the street was loud and raucous enough that it couldn't escape the attention of LBJ's friends.

Molly Ivins of the Texas Observer was inside:

"The demonstrators were seldom audible, but when they were, their timing was swell. Their black balloons drifted over precisely as Nixon and Johnson came onto the speaker's stand. In the course of giving the benediction, Dr. George Davis asked the Lord to preserve us from those who peddle only nightmares — clearly intended as a reference to protesters — at which point a clear 'NO MORE WAR' rolled up.

"Kissinger and Mrs. Katharine Graham (as in The Washington Post and Newsweek) gnawed solemnly on barbequed chicken legs while, 'One, Two, Three, Four — We don't want your fucking war' came wafting over the tables like Muzak. As the UT band finished the national anthem, police sirens wailed ominously and the coyote yips of the protesters acted as a contrapuntal theme while the band did, 'I've Been Working on the Railroad.'"

By about 2 p.m. the barbeque was over, and the crowd turned to mobile tactics. Several hundred people began marching and running through Austin

Indians Vs. Navy

MINNEAPOLIS (LNS) — On late Sunday, May 16, 30 Indians invaded and occupied an abandoned U.S. Naval Air Station in Minneapolis. The Indians were members of the Minneapolis, Cleveland and Denver chapters of the American Indian Movement (AIM) as well as a recently formed group called Higher Education for American Tribes, Inc. At least 17 of the twenty-odd buildings had been completely unoccupied since the station was abandoned a year ago.

By occupying the Naval Air Station, the Indian groups invoked the Sioux Treaty of 1868 which says that unusual federal property will return to the ownership of the Indians, so long as the Indians remain and make improvements on the property. And the Indians did make improvements: after they arrived Sunday night, they set up a free 24-hour health clinic and an Indian Cultural Education Center.

The Indians called a press conference May 18 at which they explained the purpose of the take-over and set forth eight demands which they felt necessary to offset the "institutional racism which exists in all federal, state and city agencies" concerning Indian affairs.

The Navy's initial response was positive and a meeting was set up between the Indian groups and the Minnesota congressional leaders in Washington. However, late on the afternoon of May 20 the Navy reversed its earlier position of cooperation and filed a complaint with the Minnesota District Attorney.

On Friday morning, May 21, an 85-man tactical squad of U.S. marshalls from Chicago, Minneapolis and Denver broke open the main gate, broke down the door to the building in which the Indians were sleeping and began beating and arresting the Indians.

One of the Indians, Jerry Roy, 29, was thrown down the stairs, beaten in the head with billy clubs and kicked numerous times. He was later charged with assault on a federal officer.

In all, 16 people were arrested — none of them marshalls. Charges rang-

ed from assault on a federal officer to trespassing on a Naval installation; bonds ranged from \$2,500 to \$25,000. Meanwhile, the nation is talking about how enlightened we now are about Indians and what a good movie *Little Big Man* is.

Money for the legal defense of the Minneapolis Indians can be sent to the American Indian Movement, 1337 E. Franklin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55404.

Boy Scouts Take Over

CARACAS, Venezuela (LNS) — The Boy Scouts Headquarters in Caracas was seized by its members in April. The Boy Scouts demanded the resignation of the president and other officials. They vowed to remain until their demands were met.

Stones Thrown At Kent

KENT, OHIO (LNS) — A week of heavy streetfighting in Kent, scene last year of the killing of four students by National Guardsmen, broke out May 17, following the arrest of a student for carrying an open beer bottle in the street.

The state law against carrying open liquor bottles is seldom enforced; the arrest brought dozens of Kent State University students out in protest.

The next day, another student was convicted of "flag desecration." In an earlier action this year, students

Treason in Vietnam

Huynh Tan Nam, president of the National Union of Students of South Vietnam and 21 other student leaders have been indicted for treason by a military court in South Vietnam.

The South Vietnamese Supreme Court has ruled that the military court has no jurisdiction in this case, but the trial is proceeding anyhow, because the military tribunal is one that President Thieu is sure he can

control. A verdict of guilty would mean the death sentence for the defendants.

The Student Union has been increasingly involved in the sharpening protests against the United States and the Thieu-Ky government in Saigon, and helped negotiate the People's Peace Treaty.

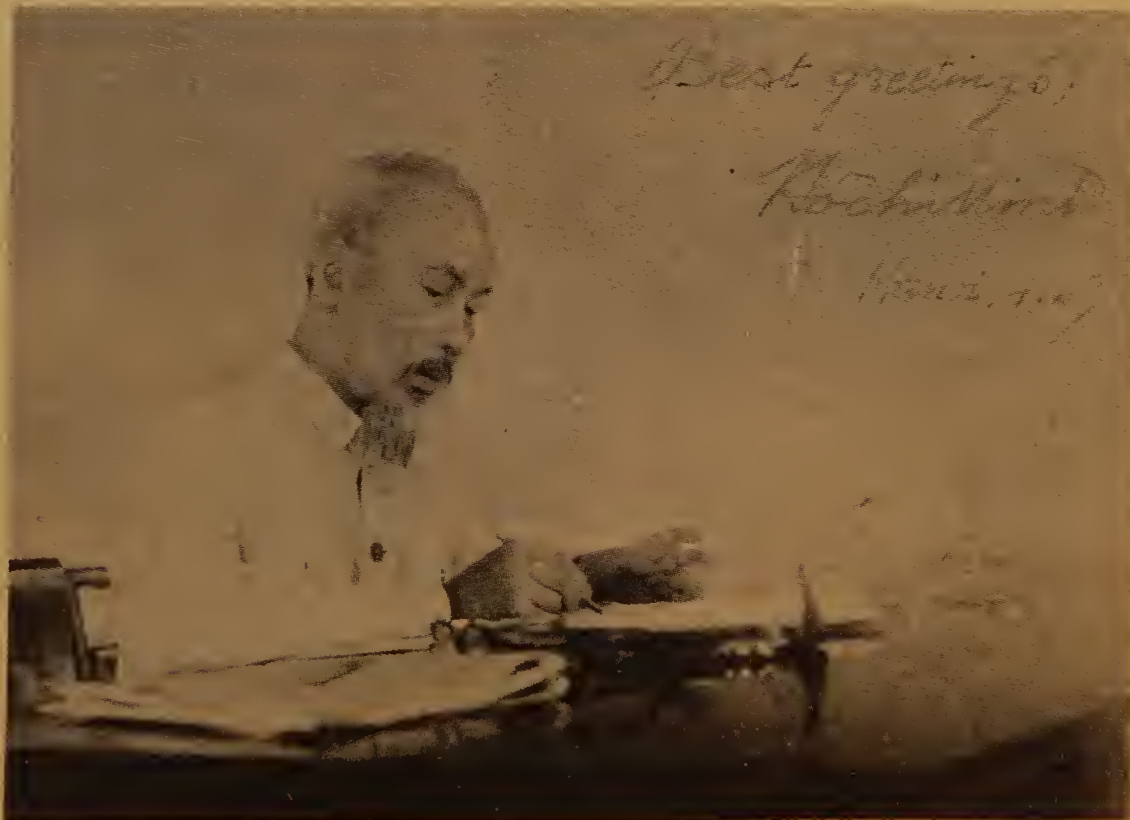
A number of protestors have begun a hunger strike sit-in at the State Department offices in Washington protesting the indictments. The following statement comes from the May-Day Tribe in Washington.

"We are calling for national protests in support of the Vietnamese students indicted for treason, to coincide with and continue for the duration of the hunger fast now taking

place at the State Department. In making this nationwide call we are asking every locality to undertake whatever action they feel is appropriate in the spirit of the People's Peace Treaty. We welcome those individuals who wish to join the fast by traveling to Washington, although we understand the value and necessity for work to continue at home."

For more information call the May-Day Tribe, 202-234-4411, or the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, 202-737-8600. Both groups have recently found new offices in Washington. If you would like to send a telegram of support to the defendants, the address is

Saigon Student Union
207 Hong Bang
Cholon, South Viet Nam



LNS

had run an NLF flag up a pole in place of the Stars and Stripes.

Disorders broke out sporadically all week, culminating on Thursday night, May 20, with action in the streets involving 400 people.

Sixty-three arrests were made very early Friday morning, as dozens of police swept through the streets of Kent, pushing demonstrators back onto campus. Once on the university grounds, police made 22 arrests, including the president of the student body and two professors.

The stone throwing demonstration was sparked by a warning Thursday night from Kent State President Robert White, that "the campus is not a sanctuary from arrest."

Garbage Disorders

Huntsville, Ala. (LNS) -- Huntsville sanitation workers are striking for union recognition. One hundred seventeen men have been out of work since April 13. The strike began when Mayor Joe Davis locked out the men after they held a work slowdown to pressure him into negotiations. The union has been recognized by the city, but Davis has refused to bargain with the local.

Hit-and-run raids into the black community, arrests, and police brutality have been used to try to break support for the strikers, but none of these tactics have been successful. So, on May 1, Huntsville adopted its version of the "Birmingham Code." (Birmingham City Ordinance adopted in 1964 to suppress civil rights activities.)

The ordinance gives power to mayors and police to disperse all public gatherings if they "believe" disorders are "likely" to occur. According to the law, three or more people gathering together in a public place can be found guilty of inciting a riot. The Huntsville ordinance also allows the mayor to prohibit demonstration permits, which are mandatory, if he feels the "public welfare, peace, safety, health, decency, good, order, morals or convenience" requires it.

The ordinance was recently used in Birmingham to jail Jim Bains, who is now a member of the Committee to Free Angela Davis, for three months. He was charged for leading an "unlawful" demonstration in 1967. The demonstration was declared "unlawful" under the Birmingham code when hecklers began threatening to disrupt it. The demonstrators, rather than the hecklers, were ordered to disperse. Jim Bains questioned the proceeding and was arrested by the police.

Sorry, No Bread

Santa Barbara, Calif. (LNS) -- The legislative council of the Associated Students of the University of California at Santa Barbara voted recently to stop dealing with companies which have defense contracts.

The vote will cost firms like General Electric, General Motors, RCA, DuPont and Standard Oil of California tens of thousands of dollars annually. The Associated Students budget is about \$500,000.

Conspiracy Victory

NEW YORK (LNS) -- The Harlem Five -- Sayeed Saladeen (Lloyd Butler), Wallace Marks, Hannibal Ahmed, Ebb Glenn and Preston Lay, Jr. -- charged with conspiracy to "kill a cop week," rob a check cashing establishment, and break into an armory, were acquitted by a Manhattan jury of all the conspiracy charges just a little more than six hours after the Panther 21 jury returned its verdict on May 13.

Sayeed Saladeen was completely acquitted, but the other four defendants face sentencing on June 18 for up to 14 years on possession of weapons charges. An appeal will definitely be filed according to William Kunstler, defense attorney for the five.

The case of the Harlem Five is three years old. Concocted by the police in the aftermath of the murder of Martin Luther King in the spring of 1968, it typifies many of the conspiracy cases around the country. Police agents called the meetings and directed the plots, making daily reports

The five defendants see the case as an attempt to destroy the Harlem Youth Federation, to which they all belong. The Harlem Youth Federation was active in the fight against Columbia University's encroachment on the Harlem community and was working to fight the drug problem among youth. Since then it has grown and become known as a strong, positive force and has mobilized people around many local problems. In spite of the possibly long sentences the Harlem Five face, they have vowed that the work of the Harlem Youth Federation will go on.

Out of Frying Pan

NEW YORK (LNS) -- Two of the Panther 21, now free of conspiracy bombing charges, will be tried for allegedly participating in a prison rebellion at the Queens-Long Island Men's House of Detention during October, 1970.

The rebellion occurred while the Panthers, Lumumba Abdul Shakur and Kwando Mbiashi Kinshasa, denied bail, spent their trial period in the jail. Six other men also indicted for reckless endangerment, grand larceny, riot,

assault, kidnapping and conspiracy are Jack Daniels, John Powell, James Capers, Victor Martinez and Kenneth Cender.

During the rebellion the prisoners held the jail for four days. They demanded lower bails for the charges they were originally locked up for, improved prison conditions and a speedier court system.

The indictments charge that guards were "kidnapped and unlawfully imprisoned" while prisoners negotiated with Correction Department officials. Shakur and Kinshasa then joined several other prisoners on the negotiating team.



Ericka Huggins.

Ann Frolines/LNS

Ericka and Bobby Are Set Free

NEW HAVEN -- After nearly two years imprisonment each, Black Panthers Ericka Huggins and Bobby Seale are free.

Conspiracy-kidnap-murder charges against the two were dismissed last week after U.S. District Judge Harold Mulvey declared a mistrial. Huggins, who left the courthouse shortly after the decision, hesitated on the steps and said, "I don't want to go without Bobby." (Seale was still in his cell waiting for motions to set bail for his contempt of court sentence stemming from the Chicago Conspiracy Trial.)

On May 29, Seale too walked out a free man, after bail was set. With him walked three of the jurors in the case. Jury foreman Robert Gauthier, 30, told Seale, "I wish I could have stood up and acquitted you in the courtroom. But this is just as good, I suppose."

This is the second major courtroom victory for the Black Panther Party within the last month. Only a few weeks ago, 13 New York Panthers were acquitted of conspiracy to bomb charges stemming from arrests made more than two years ago.

The trial of Seale, Panther chairman, and Huggins, a Connecticut Panther organizer, had gone on for six months. It was the longest trial in the state's history and the longest jury selection in the country's.

By the middle of May, the defense had rested its case, after weeks of prosecution testimony about an alleged conspiracy to murder Alex Rackley, another Black Panther.

On May 24, the jury announced after six days of heated discussion that it could not reach a decision. Judge Mulvey declared it a hung jury.

At a hearing May 25, during which the next step was to be decided, the defense quizzed the jurors on their votes. It turned out that the jury had voted 11-1 for acquittal, although earlier in the deliberation the group had been unanimous for acquittal on Seale. One woman changed her mind, and voted for conviction of both defendants.

Moving for a dismissal, the defense argued that there had been so much prejudicial publicity that the defendants could never get a fair trial. More than 1,000 people had already been questioned for the last jury.

The prosecution asked for a retrial.

The judge granted the defense motion on the grounds that it could well be impossible to select an unbiased jury.

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Klan Bust!

by Bryan Baker

Mike Lowe, a known Klansman, was arrested by the Houston Police on Sunday, May 23, for possessing materials for manufacturing a bomb.

Three days later, on Wednesday morning, a Harris County grand jury subpoenaed 14 people, all right-wingers and most of them probably Klansmen or former Klansmen. (The Klan is pretty cagey about revealing who its members are.) The grand jury is probing the acts of night-riding terrorism which have occurred in Houston over the last several years.

We were somewhat surprised, because the authorities have never before given any indication that they were disturbed by the continuing attacks on left-wingers, freaks and other self-styled misfits here in our fair city.

In fact, they have had plenty of opportunities (and evidence) to bring indictments against the Klan before. They never bestirred themselves before because there was never enough of the right kind of pressure before. (Paul Morratto, a PR man for the local chapter of the United Klans of America, told me that the current probes are the result of "unfair publicity." I had to agree with everything except the "unfair.")

Take the case of Mike Lowe, for example. Although he broke into the lime-light only a week ago, he has been known to the people here at Space City! for almost two years. (See related article elsewhere in this issue.) Lowe has been very

upfront about his political beliefs, and has never been clever about avoiding suspicion. So no one was surprised when he was caught last week with the materials for building an incendiary device. We were only surprised that the police had finally made a significant arrest.

There is a similar history behind at least one of the 14 persons subpoenaed by the grand jury, one Louis Beam. Like Lowe, Beam and his buddy Jimmy Hutto used to hang around the Space City! office, until they were banned from the premises.

Beam first made the papers in early 1970, when he attacked an anti-draft rally and stole an NLF flag. He was turned over to the police by rally marshalls; he was subsequently released by the police without charges, and even allowed to keep the stolen property as a souvenir!

Early on the morning of April 12, 1970, Louis Beam's car (yes, we got the license number) was seen cruising around the office. A staffer called the police, and while he was on the phone with the dispatcher, the passenger got out of the car with a crossbow and fired an arrow through the door of the office. The police, of course, were unable to connect the car to Beam.

Beam has been caught in the act by police not once, not twice, but THREE times (at the very least). Besides the stolen flag incident, he was caught throwing a brick through the window of the old Pacifica office (and released without charges) and another time while driving near the Space City! office with rifles and bottles of an inflammatory oil and gas mixture (and released with a traffic ticket for driving with his lights off).

Louis Beam, who almost begs to be found out, has never been charged with a single terrorist act. No wonder he was so cocky when I saw him last Wednesday

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Mike Lowe in full regalia poses with Rev. Kitt at Klan rally near Crosby Oct. 10.

Bill Casper

Lowe-down

by Victoria Smith

We last saw Mike Lowe, young Waco carpenter and known Klansman, just a few weeks before he was arrested with materials to make a bomb.

He and some friends dropped by to purchase some papers Saturday, May 8. Lowe was smiling and cocky, as usual. We were downright hostile, angrily snapping photographs of him and his colleagues. After it became clear to them that we were in no mood for playing games, they left in a hurry without even paying for the papers.

This encounter was certainly not the first. We've known Mike Lowe for nearly two years. He has been around Space City! from time to time just about as long as Space City! has been in Houston.

The story of our acquaintance with Lowe is at times comical, more often hair-raising but generally revealing. He has visited us more often than have Jimmy Hutto, Louis Beam or any of the others, sometimes under the cover of night, sometimes in broad daylight when he would drop in for a little chat. And while

he never openly admitted what he was up to, he was apparently so taken with himself that he could scarcely conceal it; we got the message through innuendo and thinly veiled threats.

We were barely into our second month of publication when Mike first came by the Space City! office. He told us he was a carpenter and wanted to help. But he seemed more interested in just "hanging around" and eyeing people as they worked than in performing the little tasks we set out for him.

He especially liked to hang around Judy Fitzgerald's office, where most of the business and subscription records were kept. Lowe gave Judy the creeps from the very beginning.

One day, late in July of 1969, after Mike had spent the day watching Judy work, the subscription files mysteriously disappeared. The next morning, the tires on one of the staff cars were slashed. But no one was particularly suspicious of Mike, and he just kept hanging around.

The following evening staff members Sherwood Bishop and Gavan Duffy were working downstairs in the office when there was a strange noise at the front door. Sherwood went to investigate. He found a funny-looking cylindrical package just inside the door. Fortunately, he didn't pick it up, but stepped outside to catch sight of a figure beating a hasty retreat to a car parked in front of the office. The license plates were covered with white cloth.

Then the little package exploded. Glass in the front door and in most of the downstairs windows shattered. Smoke filled the office.

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outside the grand jury room, where he was waiting along with the other people subpoenaed to testify.

He was easily the loudest-mouthed among a singularly loud-mouthed crew. Most of them were quite jovial, yukking it up with the boys from the Criminal Intelligence Division, hamming it up for the newsmen.

Beam was proclaiming loudly that he had been called before the grand jury to testify about "how the Socialist Workers Party bombed their own headquarters for the publicity," (with no apologies to CID Chief Joe Singleton, who invented this theory) and about a sinister Weatherman plot to destroy Houston over the summer.

Beam and others claimed to have a great deal of information about the left-wing's plans for Houston, gathered by an organization known as the Klan Bureau of Information. (If all of their spies are as sophisticated as Lowe and Beam, the left has little to fear from infiltration.)

Why are these men laughing? Is it merely bravado, or do they know something we don't know? Do they know that the whole investigation is a sham?

Is the current rash of investigations into terrorist activities a sham?

Certainly there appears to be little sincerity on the part of the authorities in their current outrage over right-wing terrorism. They have turned a deaf ear on the complaints of the victims for years.

The investigations are clearly a result of the bad publicity Houston has gotten (locally and nationally) over the past few months. There is, after all, an election coming up, and Welch needs those moderate to liberal votes.

No one has yet been charged with an actual act of terrorism.

Jimmy Hutto was arrested two months ago for "conspiracy" to bomb radio transmitters in another state. (Hutto's initial defense was being handled by David Berg of the American Civil Liberties Union, but now he has J.B. Stoner, a Georgia attorney whose politics, according to Berg, are "slightly to the right of Hitler's.") Although Stoner asked Berg to remain on the case as the local attorney, Berg has said that he plans to get out as soon as possible. "I just can't see us sitting at the same table," he said.)

Paul Morratto was arrested a few weeks ago for "falsely reporting" a bomb.

Mike Lowe was arrested last week for "possession of material" to manufacture a bomb. (One wonders if he will get as harsh a sentence as the 25 years handed out recently to several black TSU students found guilty of a similar charge with no evidence presented of their intent to manufacture a bomb.)

No member of the Klan has as yet (May 28) been indicted by the grand jury.

Is the investigation a sham, as many people suspect? Only time will tell.

Michael Maggi, of the Committee to Defend Democratic Rights in Houston, told City Council last week that, while he is happy to see some action being taken, a grand jury investigation is not enough.

"We have repeatedly requested an open public hearing on the right wing terrorism in this city," he said, "We continue to do so because we feel the public has the right to complete information on the progress of the investigation and should have the opportunity to come forward with any information that anyone might have."

While Lt. Joe Singleton of the Criminal Intelligence Division is saying that the publicity on acts of terrorism and repeated demands for action have impeded progress of the investigation, some of the victims have another story.

We think that if we had not made so much noise about the problem, things would simply have continued and there would have been no grand jury investigation. After all, the terrorist activities have been going on for several years, and only now, after a good deal of noise, is any action being taken.

Meanwhile, Grand Dragon Frank Converse is coming on very cool, condemning all those who break the law, claiming that the people rounded up by police do not belong to the Klan, and saying that Mike Lowe is a "little sonofabitch" who "is right where he belongs" (behind bars).

Meanwhile, despite the skepticism of a few observers (many of them victims of the terror), most Houstonians are probably confident that justice (perhaps even too much justice?) is being done. Regardless of what Newsweek says, Houston after all is a pretty civilized place.

Some of us stubbornly refused to jump to nefarious conclusions about Lowe until a few months later when Cam Duncan, then a member of the Space City! collective, met up with him at a high school rally at Jubilee Hall. Cam and Mike took a little walk into the night, during which Mike, in his own inimitable manner, made some pretty provocative statements. Cam, while a little nervous about his physical safety during the jaunt, courageously persisted in his "investigation," and returned convinced that Lowe was involved in right-wing terrorist activities.

On Oct. 4, 1969, SDS and Space City! held an "anti-imperialist" rally in Hermann Park. Several carloads of anti-war GIs from Ft. Hood, travelling in caravan to Houston for the rally, were attacked and fired upon in broad daylight on the highway near Temple. (The attack was extremely nervy.) One car was seriously damaged, but no one was hurt.

Interestingly enough, the GI's description of one of the occupants of the car resembled that of our friend Mike. The victims said this man had been hanging around the Oleo Strut GI coffeehouse near Ft. Hood, asking about the rally. (Lowe's physical description, like his voice, is rather unique: moderate height, wavy reddish-blond hair and startlingly piercing blue eyes. When he smiles, you just know he's not your friend.) Later, when we showed the Strut folks our photographs of Mike, they said they couldn't be absolutely positive, but they thought it was the same man. They also described the attacker's car as deep red with a black vinyl top, a vehicle that was to become all too familiar to us in the next several months.

Mike put in another appearance at the Space City! office Nov. 8, 1969, at a meeting to discuss a large anti-war march and rally scheduled for the next day. There was quite a little flurry as Mike sauntered in. It was a large meeting and those of us who knew Mike went around whispering to those who had not yet had the pleasure. Lowe seemed amused. He kept asking me which one was Dennis (presumably Dennis Fitzgerald, another Space City! collective member.) I told him coldly that I didn't know any Dennis.

The meeting broke up and we all moved outside. I overheard Lowe asking someone why the Space City! people were so uptight. He also told this same person that he knew the guys that shot up those GIs on the highway. It was a clear case of he knew what we were thinking, and we knew he knew, and he knew we knew he knew. . . .

So there we were, sitting around on the front porch, exchanging abstruse but leading comments about guns and paranoia, when all of a sudden Mike stood up, bid us an abrupt farewell and split. We watched him walk down Wichita St. and turn the corner at San Jacinto. The instant he passed out of sight, Kerry Fitzgerald took off like a shot after him. But he had disappeared, seemingly into thin air. There was no chance of trailing him.

Early the next morning, a car was burned and gutted outside the front of the Space City! office. Lest this sound too incriminating, we still don't know who did it. But we have our suspicions.

We didn't see much of Mike until the beginning of 1970. It was Christmas vacation time and Thorne Dreyer and I were just about the only Space City! people in town. We were sitting around the office one afternoon when Mike came by, ostensibly to purchase some papers. He and Thorne (or "Thornton," as the Klan is wont to call him) fell into a heavy discussion.

The message was increased terrorism and the medium was snide innuendo. Mike spoke extensively of right-wing groups, particularly the Minutemen, but he never used the first person plural. It was always "them," with the "we" heavily implied. In addition to the usual right-wing analyses (like it's the Communists who are stirring up all the trouble among the blacks), Lowe submitted that the right-wing was using Houston as a sort of testing ground, to demonstrate how a city could be purged, one way or another, of leftist elements. He also told Thorne that he thought the terrorism would quickly rise to more serious levels; they're going to start killing people, he said. He painted a vivid picture of one of these "nice young girls" around Space City! being whisked away one night and later turning up with a slit throat.



Look at the birdie, Mike. Lowe poses for picture with Space City!s Cam Duncan and Dennis Fitzgerald.

Sue Mithun

Gavan called the police and summoned the rest of the staff which was meeting at a nearby home. When we arrived the place was crawling with police, who were busily probing through the debris with flashlights. Just then the phone rang. Gavan answered it and nervously conveyed the caller's message: "You're going to be dead motherfuckers if you don't quit messing around."

"I know who it was, too," Gavin whispered. "That was Mike's voice." (Lowe has a distinctive voice: deep, deep Southern accent complicated by what sounds like a speech impediment, making it difficult to understand what he's saying. He also maintains a saccharine-sweet intonation that bugs the hell out of you.)

But we didn't tell the police; we didn't want to get any possibly innocent people in trouble. (Little did we know that it would prove next to impossible to get any possibly guilty people in trouble with the Houston police.)

We should have listened to Gavan. He was an SDS member that summer and was living in an apartment with Bartee Haile and Jimmy Dale Hutto, a rather odd couple as it turns out. Hutto was also "an SDS member" that summer. That was the summer that SDS was trying to organize a work-in and Hutto was a worker at Shell and how was anyone to know that he was a Klan infiltrator? Gavan says he was suspicious of Jimmy Dale from the beginning.

Shiner: Sad Aftermath

Hazle Mathis and his six-year-old nephew Van Lee Mathis, Jr. — both black — were killed by two officers of the Texas Department of Public Safety in Shiner, Tex. May 8. Van Lee Mathis, Sr. (Hazle's brother and Van Lee, Jr.'s father) were severely wounded in the incident. (See the last two issues of Space City for details of these events.)

The various official agencies investigating the incident have done a massive whitewash of the questionable (to say the least) conduct of the two DPS officers, Aycock and Gamble.

The "investigators," ignoring a good deal of evidence and the testimony of several eyewitnesses, say that both Hazle and Van Lee, Sr. were shot in self-defense and that the six-year-old boy was hit by a stray bullet. Sound familiar?

Last week Van Lee was moved from the hospital to the jail, but he is now out on bond recuperating from his injuries.

They have charged Van Lee Mathis, Sr. with two counts of "assault with intent to murder a peace officer," claiming that Van Lee attacked the two officers with a .22 caliber rifle

(a charge which Van Lee has denied).

State Rep. Curtis Graves of Houston has been pressing for a more thorough investigation of the incident. He has been tied up for the past week in the redistricting battle which has been raging in Austin, but it is hoped that he will continue to bring such pressure in the future.

The Mathis family does not intend to stand idly by while the two cops go free and Van Lee is railroaded into prison. They are planning to file complaints against the two officers for murder and assault with intent to mur-

der. They are being given the run-around by local authorities, but sooner or later they should be able to get the complaints to court.

* * *

The legal battles of the Mathis family will undoubtedly be long and arduous, and they may or may not be successful.

Funds for this fight may be sent to the Mathis Family Relief Fund at the Riverside National Bank, P.O. Box 8385, Houston, Texas

— Bryan Baker

GARNER STATE PARK RIP-OFF

Having just returned from two weeks of wandering through Texas (whee!) and New Mexico, I was looking back at the hassles that befell me on my trip.

Since everybody in Houston has the urge to split this summer I thought that I could help out by warning the local freaks and blacks about Garner State Park in Uvalde County. It's a bust.

After driving for 400 miles all day, we got into the park, found out that we had to pay \$3 to sleep there and later on found out what a bust it is. After cooking supper and eating, we went to sleep about 10:30 p.m.

About 11:30, I heard some talking and gazed out at a covey of flashlights descending upon our camp. I thought it was a bunch of Boy Scouts or something, so I rolled over and tried to return to sleep.

Suddenly I was staring into the glare of a flashlight. I got out of the car and lo, there were five of the local law enforcement officers asking to search my car. Being clean, I said OK. Well, it wasn't. I'm not 21, but the guy with us was. He had a bottle of Mexican rot-gut sitting in the litter basket of my car. Noticing this, the

pigs asked whose car it was and I said that it was mine. They said "you're under arrest" (for minor possession of alcohol.)

And off to the courthouse we flew. After a rapid kangaroo court, in which a plea of not guilty would have entail-

ed a stay in jail or the posting of \$100 bond, I was released \$35 poorer and pissed off.

We left the park early the next morning after finding out that every other freak in the park had been bust-

ed for something. The park is notorious for this among the few freaks in nearby San Antonio.

Take heed, Houston, and avoid that rip-off.

— Unkle Art



Over 500 chicanas (Mexican-American women) from all over the country got together in Houston last week-end for la Conferencia de Mujeres por la Raza, sponsored by the YWCA. It was the first national conference of chicanas, and a wide range of age, class and political stance was represented. We plan to present some opinions of the conference by participants in next week's Space City!

Sue Mithun

How Not To Abort

There are only four safe abortion methods. 1) D. and C. (dilation and curettage), the gentle scraping of the uterine lining, is used in aborting women who are less than 3 months pregnant. 2) Vacuum aspiration, also used in early pregnancies, involves the insertion of a vacuum tube into the cervix and the withdrawal of fetal and placental tissue by suctioning. 3) Hysterotomy is a miniature caesarean section -- the fetus is removed from the uterus by incision. The woman is anesthetized during the operation and is usually hospitalized for a week. 4) Salting out is the newest method and is most often used in aborting women between 14 and 22 weeks pregnant. Saline solution is injected into the uterus, replacing the amniotic fluid which protects the fetus. The displacement of the amniotic fluid induces labor and a woman will usually miscarry within 25 hours. (The last method is extremely painful and is sometimes used as a punishment by sadistic doctors).

NEVER USE THE FOLLOWING METHODS, THEY ARE EXTREMELY PAINFUL AND CAN LEAD TO PERMANENT DISABILITY, INFECTION OR DEATH.

ORAL MEANS:

*Ergot compounds. overdose can cause fatal kidney damage.

*Quinine Sulphate. It can cause deformities in fetus or death to mother.

*Estrogen is useless.

*Castor oil is useless.

Nothing that is swallowed can cause abortion without also causing death or severe disability to the mother.

INJECTIONS INTO UTERINE WALL:

Ergot and Pitocin are poisons. Any injection is fatal.

Sodium Pentothal -- any overdose is fatal.

SOLIDS INSERTED INTO UTERUS:

Do not put these solids into your uterus. They may burst your womb and bladder or cause infection or hemorrhaging that might kill you.

Knitting needles	Catheter tubes
Coat Hangers	Gauze
Slippery Elm Bark	(packing)
Chopsticks	Curtain rods/
Ballpoint pen	Telephone wire
Artist's paintbrush	

FLUIDS INSERTED INTO UTERUS:

Do not put the following fluids into your uterus. They can severely burn uterine tissues, cause hemorrhaging, shock or death.

Soap suds	Alcohol
Potassium Permanganate	
Lysol	Lye
Pine Oil	

AIR PUMPED INTO UTERUS:

The uterus will collapse from the air bubbles created in the blood stream. Death comes suddenly and violently.

OTHER MEANS:

Vacuum cleaner which is connected to uterus -- not to be confused with vacuum aspiration -- is fatal almost immediately. It will extract the uterus from the pelvic cavity.

Physical exertion such as lifting heavy objects, running, etc. is useless.

Falling down stairs severely injures the mother, and rarely brings about an abortion.

IF YOU HAVE USED ON YOURSELF OR HAVE ALLOWED TO BE USED ANY OF THE ABOVE METHODS OF ABORTION PLEASE GO TO A DOCTOR OR HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY!

— Common Woman

THE DAILY TEXAN

Student Newspaper at The University of Texas

AUSTIN, TEXAS, SUNDAY, MARCH 7, 1971

Space City
1217 Wichita
Houston, TX 77004

Jeff Jones

(Jeff Jones is the out-going president of the Students' Association at the University of Texas. He served as Chairman of the Texas Student Publications Board this past year.)

AUSTIN — The Daily Texan, the most liberal daily newspaper in the state, is about to be silenced. Chartered 50 years ago as part of a non-profit corporation (Texas Student Publications Inc.), the student controlled Daily Texan appears five times a week on the campus of the University of Texas at Austin.

Several years ago the reactionary Board of Regents started getting uptight about the paper's liberal political leanings. To keep the paper away from the eyes of the legislators down the street, they passed a rule limiting the distribution of the Texan to the campus. But this year, in order to keep our lawmakers informed of student opinion, someone donated enough money to purchase gift subscriptions for all members of the Texas legislature, who are now mailed a copy of the Texan each morning.

This blatant but legal side-stepping of regental authority is not the primary reason the Texan will soon cease being an independent opinion molder. Far more important was this spring's Bauer House scandal. The Texan's thorough coverage of the building of the UT chancellor's one million dollar private residence, which was financed by Texas taxpayers, was very embarrassing to the Regents.

The Regents' enemies down at the legislature read all about it in the Texan and subsequently held an investigation into the matter, causing state-wide attention to be focused upon this "lucrative playhouse." These two incidents, coupled with the militantly anti-regental attitudes of this year's editor, were just about all the Regents could take.

The 60-year old corporation charter is scheduled to expire this July, at which point, if the charter is not renewed, assets totalling \$600,000 will revert to the Board of Regents. The Board of Directors, comprised of five students and four faculty members, has been told by the state Attorney

General that it can amend the charter to make the existence of the corporation perpetual. But the Board of Regents has different plans, because several clauses in the present charter ensure that the Texan will be written, run and published by students, who are likely to hold and to express opinions unfavorable to the Board of Regents and the ruling class whose interests the Regents represent.

In the first place, the Texan editor is elected from the student body at large. Although he or she must have already completed numerous courses in the Journalism School before being eligible to run for the position, the Daily Texan editor need not be a Journalism student.

This method of selecting the editor is highly distasteful to the Regents; in recent years any candidate who shows any tolerance for the Regents' actions is almost assured of defeat. For example, in this year's editorship election, Lori Rodriguez, who according to journalistic standards, was the least qualified candidate, soundly defeated her two male opponents. Whereas Lori was openly critical of the Regents, her two opponents made wishy-washy statements about seeing "both sides" and urged students to give a fair hearing to the Regents. The election showed that most students have already learned from experience where that sort of approach gets them — nowhere.

Second, Lori Rodriguez's campaign platform called for the hiring of eight reporters who would not be tied down by administrative chores or desk jobs of any kind. This idea was first experimented with by the Texan this spring and its advantages became readily apparent during the Bauer House scandal. Because the same reporter was assigned to a particular story from beginning to end, the coverage tended to be thorough, as the reporter's understanding of the facts increased and deepened from day to day. For this reason the Bauer House scandal was covered better by the Texan than by any other paper in the state.

Due to this year's four reporters, who occasionally wrote news analyses as well as factual accounts, the Texan

was able to provide complete coverage of anti-war activities, of the Austin city council's actions and elections, of the conditions in Travis County Jail, of the politicking down at the legislature, and of the Board of Regents. None of these things particularly pleased the Board of Regents who would rather see the Texan cover fraternity and sorority parties. This fall, if the Texan is not muffled, there will be eight of these reporters, whose existence will pose a real threat to the Regent's attempt to run a smooth operation.

Third, the Regents clearly understand the danger of allowing a student-majority Board of Directors make decisions about all campus publications. The student members are the President of the Student's Association and four others elected by the Student Assembly. This structure also tends to create a liberal, anti-regent mentality on the Board of Directors, and even though the Regents can overrule any action taken by the corporation, the rift between Regents and students is only widened every time the Regents attack the Texan on an issue concerning freedom of the press.

So this time the Regents have decided to go for broke and intend to silence the Texan by modifying its governing structure. To do this, they have created a stacked panel of newspaper editors from around the state who will study the Texan and subsequently make recommendations to the Board of Regents. The committee is overloaded with conservatives from such papers as the Perytown Herald, the Baytown Sun, the Arlington Citizen-Journal, the Borger News-Herald, the Kilgore News-Herald, the Castro County News, the Conroe Courier, the Midland Reporter-Telegram, the San Antonio Light and four others. This committee is expected to tell the Regents exactly what they want to hear.

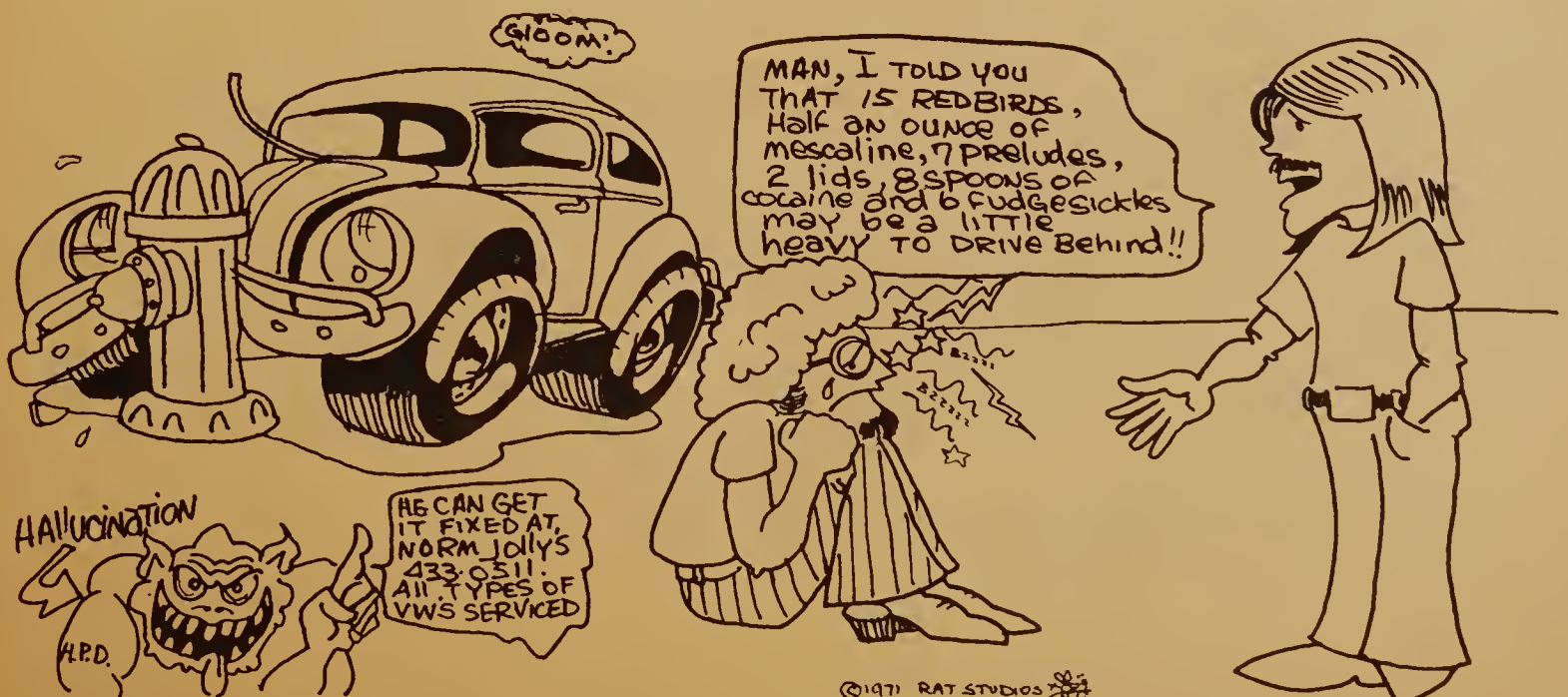
The probable outcome of the panel's recommendations will be the creation of a new Texas Student Publications corporation with a faculty-dominated Board of Directors. All the faculty members will probably

be from the Journalism Department, as will be most of the students. The students will no longer be elected by the student government, but will be appointed by the head of the Journalism Department. This individual, Dr. Norris Davis, the current Vice-Chairman of the Board, is a business partner of the Regents and at present serves on the Board of Directors of the University State Bank in Austin. On several occasions this year he has said that he doesn't particularly want the bother of overseeing the Texan but if the Regents give him the job, he will execute their wishes to the best of his ability.

Furthermore, it is expected that the committee of editors will recommend that the Texan editor be appointed by the Board of Directors or by the chairman of the Journalism Department. In essence, this proposal will ensure that anti-Regent students who apply for the job will be turned down, thus eliminating the critical function the Texan has played on a campus-wide as well as state-wide level.

The formation of this committee, of course, has been given wide publicity in the bourgeois press, but its conservative philosophical tendencies have never been mentioned. Instead, it has been billed as an "objective" group of editors studying a problem that they will help solve through a series of "objective" recommendations. Charles Le Maitre, the Chancellor of the UT system and the current resident of Bauer House, has already flown around the state to "confer" with the various editors.

Their report will be studied at the June 4 Board of Regents meeting and almost everyone except a few diehards who fail to see the nature of the power relationships in this society expect the Regents to castrate the Texan and make it an organ of the UT administration.



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Several issues ago we ran a few recipes for homemade bread. The following is a more complete explanation of bread baking and more recipes for different kinds of bread.

In recent experiments, publicized via the news media, rats who were fed a steady diet of "enriched" white bread starved to death within three months. What does this tell us? We aren't rats. We don't have a diet of nothing but bread — but when we do eat bread, enriched, plain, french bread, bakery bread, we are putting virtually nothing but harmful elements into our bodies. All sorts of carcinogenic chemicals are in bread — from chemical fertilizers and pesticides

used on the wheat, to chemicals used in bleaching the flour (flour isn't naturally white), to chemicals used as preservatives, as softeners, as artificial flavorings. The carcinogens in a single piece of bread won't kill you or give you cancer, but they are retained by the body and add up, until . . . Furthermore the use of sugar and yeast (yeast is mostly sugar) is harmful, and these are found extensively in bread. Sugar is an irritant to the body as a whole and is the primary cause of tooth decay. It is not digested well and stimulates the pancreas to over-produce insulin, depleting the blood stream of sugar, causing a loss of energy. Over-consumption of sugar has also been shown in studies to be responsible for the development of diabetes and heart disease.

In the interest of those who are concerned about putting into their bodies nutrients, rather than destructive or useless agents, an article from The Mother Earth News is herewith excerpted, demonstrating how one can make nutritious, harmless tasty bread (the type people used to exist on when they lived on bread and water alone).

THE ART OF MAKING BREAD

Making good bread is indeed an art. . . especially when you don't use yeast, sugar or bleached white flour. These ingredients make a large, puffy white loaf of bread, but are unnecessary and detrimental to health. All grains possess natural leavening agents which only require a little skill and knowledge to use.

Bread made with yeast, sugar and bleached flour may have an attractive appearance but is seriously lacking in nutritional value. Yeast — being sugar based — and sugar itself are definitely harmful. Bleached or unbleached white flour is totally lacking in vitamins and minerals. It is made from the endosperm of the wheat and consists mainly of undigestible carbohydrates. The bran, or outer layer of the kernel, is removed and used in cereal products or fed to animals. The wheat germ is also removed and falsely pandered as a "health food." A food should not be eaten unless it is good food. White flour, whether bleached or unbleached, is purely a devitalized non-food with no nutritional value. Wheat is specifically designed by Nature to be a whole nutritional package.

Makers of white bread offer no explanation for their use of white flour other than their claim that the bread is more "aesthetically pleasing." They readily admit that the milling process robs the flour of most of its nutritional value. The claim, however, that this has been rectified by adding synthetic vitamins and minerals and would have us believe that this adulteration is as good as anything direct from Nature.

Many nutritional experts recommend using only whole wheat flour. This is well meant, but if yeast is still used the problem will be compounded. Recent studies have shown that during yeasting action most of the vitamin K in whole

wheat flour is absorbed by the yeast.

This produces a radical change in the chemical composition of the wheat and the pH factor drops to the incredibly acid figure of 1.6. The result is anemia and an overall dyspeptic condition, which manifests itself in heartburn, stomach pains and — in extreme cases — ulcers and stomach cancer. This occurs because the phytic acid in the yeasted whole wheat combines with calcium to produce an insoluble and indigestible calcium phylate salt, which in turn brings about decalcification of the entire organism.

Remember now, we're discussing whole wheat breads made with yeast, not naturally fermented breads or breads using natural starters. Although bread fermented naturally is more acid than yeasted bread, it is more easily digested.

There are many varieties of flour from which to choose: Whole wheat flour. . . One of the few flours that can be used by itself, although it combines well with all other flours.

Buckwheat flour . . . Delicious but heavy and, therefore, only a small amount should be used in combination with other flours.

Rye flour. . . Too heavy to be used alone and should be combined with whole wheat flour.

Rice. . . Sweet and tasty. Generally used in combination with whole wheat flour to give a smooth texture.

Corn flour. . . Very light. It can be used by itself to make corn bread or combined with whole wheat or rice flour.

For variation, rolled oats, cooked cracked wheat or any whole or cracked grain can be added to the dough. If you do this you will find it necessary to use less flour. The important thing is for you to develop your own skills at baking bread and discover your own combinations.

KNEADING

The most important technique in making good bread is kneading. If this is done properly. . . and for a long enough time. . . your loaf of bread will rise by itself without the use of yeast.

After you decide on the combination of flours you are going to use, the next step is to make the dough. For a small loaf of bread, 2-3 cups of flour is usually sufficient. Since all flours are different, it is nearly impossible to give an exact recipe; you will have to use your own judgement. Just be sure that you add water a little at a time, and mix it in with your hands before adding any more. This will prevent the dough from becoming too thin. When the dough has the consistency of an ear-lobe, stays together, and no longer sticks to the sides of the bowl, it is ready for kneading.

Generally, a quarter teaspoon of salt per cup of flour is about right, but again, this varies according to the needs of the individual. For best results, mix salt with the flour before adding water.

Now you're ready for the most strenuous, yet most important part of making bread. . . kneading. If you get tired easily and need to stop occasionally, try kneading the dough at least 300 times, but it is best to knead vigorously for ten minutes. A good procedure follows:

Flour your hands and board lightly. Flatten the dough on the board. Pick up

the edge of the dough which is farthest away and fold it toward you. Then press down 2 or 3 times with the heels of your hands, pushing the dough away. Turn the dough a quarter turn, fold it, press, and push again. Dough should become satiny, smooth and elastic. Remember. . . this is the most important part of bread making because it stimulates the formation of gluten, which brings about the natural yeasting action of the flour.

Place dough in a pan, cover with damp cloth and let it rise overnight. In the morning knead dough 100 more times. Shape into loaves and place gently in lightly oiled pan. It's a good idea to heat the pans on top of the stove so that the oil will spread easily. Do not pack the dough down.

Cover with a damp cloth and let dough stand for at least another hour, preferably longer. Slit loaves down the middle. For a nice crust, lightly brush the tops of the loaves with oil or an egg yolk. Do not preheat oven. If you do, the bread will burn on the outside before getting done on the inside. Bake at 425 degrees for about an hour. Test by inserting a toothpick into the middle of the loaf. If it comes out dry, the bread is done.

Remove loaves from pans immediately and let them cool, that is, if you can wait long enough before digging in!

If you've kneaded properly you will now have the chewiest, most flavorful, most nutritious bread you've ever eaten. This bread will not dissolve instantly in your mouth like store-bought yeasted bread. In fact, it must be chewed to bring out its finest flavor! The longer you chew it the sweeter it becomes.

Keep the bread in a cool place. If it gets moldy just pop it in the toaster or under the broiler and the original flavor will return.

Once you master the basic techniques of making real bread you will begin to see that the possibilities for variations are endless.

UNYEASTED BREAD (Makes two loaves)

5 lbs. whole wheat flour
6½ cups water
2 Tbs. salt

Prepare as explained above.

Variations:

A) 3 lbs. whole wheat flour
1 lb. rice flour
1 lb. millet flour

B) 3 lbs. whole wheat flour
1 lb. rice flour
1 lb. oat flour

C) 3 lbs. whole wheat flour
1 lb. rye flour
1 lb. oat flour

BATTER BREAD (Makes 2 small loaves)

6 cups whole wheat flour
4 Tbs. sesame oil
½ tsp. salt
3 cups water

Combine salt and flour. Thoroughly blend in oil with your hands. Let the flour and oil slip through your fingers until there are no lumps. Gradually add water, folding in small amounts at a time. Do not stir or turn over. When batter no longer sticks to the sides, tip bowl and roll into oiled bread pans. Smooth tops of each loaf with a wet spatula or knife, then slit down the center. Brush tops lightly with oil and bake two hours or until done at 350°. Do not preheat oven.

DESSERT BREAD

3 cups whole wheat flour
1½ cups cornmeal
1½ cups buckwheat flour
1½ cups chestnut flour
5 Tbs. corn germ oil
1½ tsp. salt
3-4 Tbs. currants
3-4 Tbs. chopped roasted almonds
¼ tsp. cinnamon
Water

Combine flour, salt and cinnamon. Blend in oil thoroughly. Add currants and enough water to make a soft but not sticky dough. Proceed as for plain bread. Knead and let rise twice.

PUMPKIN MUFFINS

2 cups whole wheat or whole wheat pastry flour
½ tsp. salt
2½ cups water (approximate)
Pumpkin puree

Combine dry ingredients. Slowly add water and blend. It should be like a cake dough, quite thin. Oil muffin tins or use baking cups and half fill with dough. Add 1 or 2 spoonfuls of puree and top off with more dough. Bake in a 350° oven for about 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold. They taste great in the morning when heated for a few minutes under the broiler.

Variations: Sprinkle tops with sesame seeds. Use any of the numerous fillings such as chick pea puree, aduki bean puree, carrot puree, any fruit in season or apple sauce.

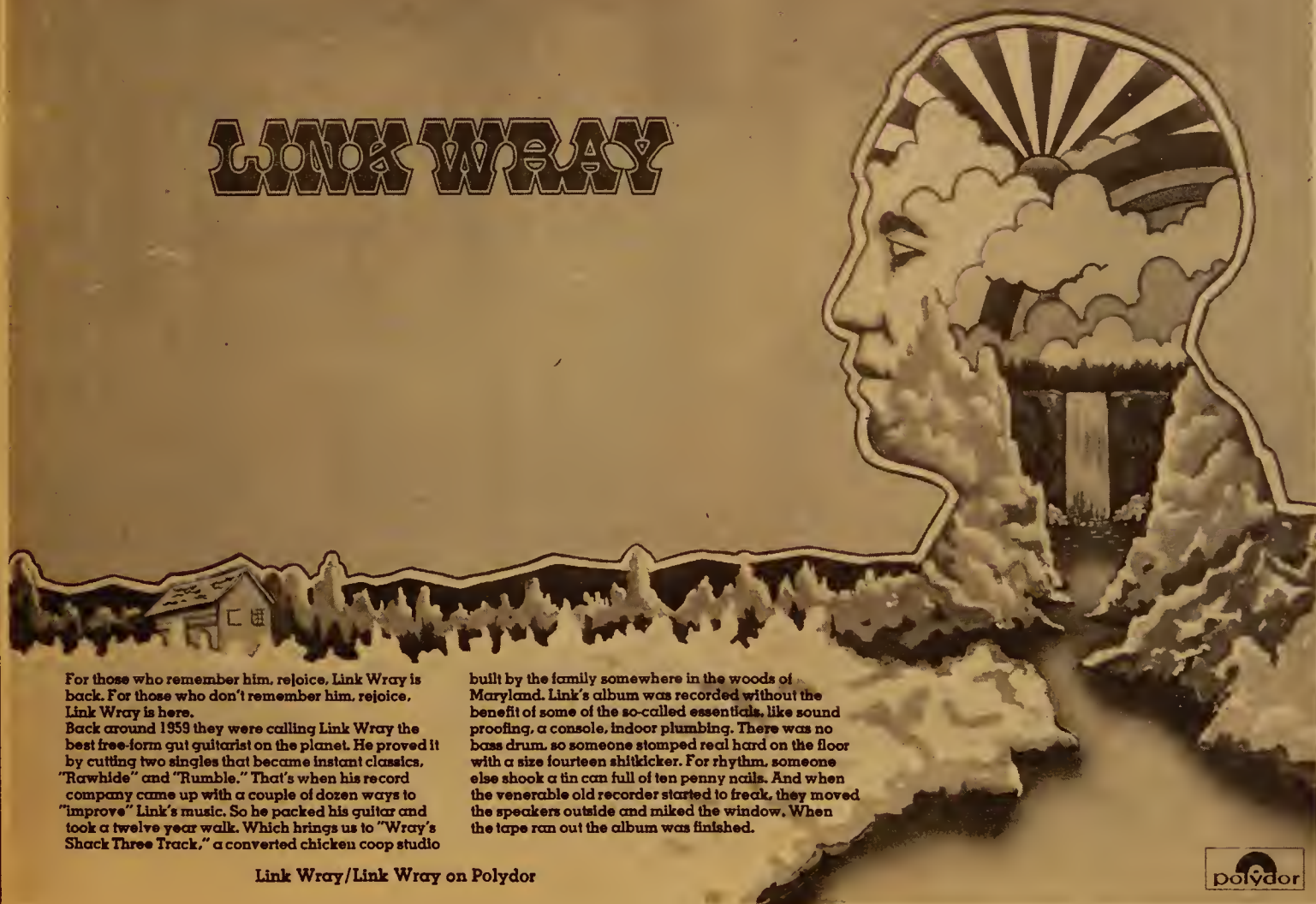
ONION ROLLS

4 cups onions (slivered)
3 cups whole wheat flour
1 tsp. sesame oil
1 cup corn flour
1 cup rice flour
1 cup buckwheat flour
1½ tsp. salt
¼ cup corn germ oil
2½ cups water (approximate)

Saute onions in oil until transparent. Combine sauteed onions, flour and salt. Thoroughly blend in oil. Add water slowly with one hand while blending with the other. Knead well until dough is elastic and shiny. Lightly flour board and roll out dough very thin. Cut out large rounds of dough and roll from end to end. For a glossy finish, brush tops with beaten egg yolk. Sprinkle with sesame seeds. Bake at 350° for 30-45 minutes.

— Chicago Seed

LINK WRAY



For those who remember him, rejoice. Link Wray is back. For those who don't remember him, rejoice. Link Wray is here. Back around 1959 they were calling Link Wray the best free-form gut guitarist on the planet. He proved it by cutting two singles that became instant classics, "Rawhide" and "Rumble." That's when his record company came up with a couple of dozen ways to "improve" Link's music. So he packed his guitar and took a twelve year walk. Which brings us to "Wray's Shack Three Track," a converted chicken coop studio

built by the family somewhere in the woods of Maryland. Link's album was recorded without the benefit of some of the so-called essentials, like sound proofing, a console, indoor plumbing. There was no bass drum, so someone stomped real hard on the floor with a size fourteen shildkicker. For rhythm, someone else shook a tin can full of ten penny nails. And when the venerable old recorder started to freak, they moved the speakers outside and miked the window. When the tape ran out the album was finished.

Link Wray/Link Wray on Polydor



Polydor records, cassettes and 8 track are distributed in the U.S.A. by Polydor Incorporated; In Canada by Polydor Canada Ltd.

Hey, Hey, LBJ...

Cont. from 3

streets, chanting and waving fists. They visited The Villa Capri Hotel, which was hosting many of the dignitaries. Then there was a regrouping at the Longhorn Stadium parking lot, a number of people stopped off at Peace Fountain for a quick swim, and then the crowd headed for Hardin North, where many of the big shots — like Richard Daley, Billy Graham, Dean Rusk — were to bed (and party) for the night.

It was at Hardin North that, as they say in the papers, things "got nasty." People let the air out of the tires of a couple black limosenes, several tires were reportedly slashed, and wiring was ripped out of two cars. Some beer bottles were thrown at cops.

After about a half hour, a unit of the Austin Tactical Squad arrived and moved on the demonstrators. Those slow enough to be caught got busted. Twenty nine people were arrested, and charges have already been dropped for some. All but four were charged with various misdemeanor offenses; the other four had felony raps for destruction of private property.

According to participants at Hardin North, a good half of those arrested were innocent bystanders. Like Chris Holloway. He was clubbed in the eye and sent to Brackenridge Hospital with a lacerated cornea, but he was never charged. Holloway had emerged from the Trough, a beer spot on W. 23rd, and was moving down the street to watch the action, when he was jumped by a man in a suit, apparently a plainclothes cop. He broke away, but was chased and clubbed.

Bill Moyers, Lyndon's former press secretary reportedly saw this incident and told bystanders that he would return from New York City to testify against the cop.

Another incident, reported in the Observer, concerned Bill Rives, 24, of Twitty, Tex. Rives was trying to hitch hike away from the activities when he was seized, handcuffed and dragged across the street, where his head was banged into a telephone pole. This incident was witnessed by Martina Langley, a lawyer.

One of the most interesting stories to come out of the Hardin North events, was told to us by a participant: "After the pigs had busted one guy, a crowd gathered around them. The pigs formed a line to advance on the crowd. A pig in a patrol car yelled out, 'Gun it, run over them.' As the car advanced, the crowd moved away, and it hit six pigs, sending several of them sprawling up on the hood of the patrol car."

The busts at Hardin House were not the first arrests for demonstrations against the LBJ Library. The day before the dedication seven Mayday Tribe women dressed as witches and made up in grease paint were arrested by Austin police. The witches activities had begun Wednesday when 13 women put a hex on the library and threw burning voodoo dolls into the fountain.

On Friday, 10 witches went into downtown Austin and hexed such institutions as KTBC (Lady Bird and Lyndon's TV/radio station), the state Capitol, the Capital National Bank and the Commodore Perry Hotel (home of the UT Regents). (They arrived at the Commodore Perry almost simultaneously with Pat Nugent. They exorcised his father-in-law, followed him to an elevator and sent him off with moaning and chanting.)

But the witches weren't busted until they visited St. Mary's Catholic Church where they were talking and laughing with kids from the school who were out at recess. Then the cops arrived and began grabbing the women and placing them in squad cars. One of the witches told Space City!, "Some of the school kids, surprised at the pig action, yelled for us to be freed, but the pigs paid no attention." Three of the sisters escaped into the church, where they were hidden and given other clothes by the nuns.

The seven witches were charged with disorderly conduct. There is no reliable information as to the effectiveness of the hexes, but we will pass that information on as soon as it is available to us.

(Thanks to Consuelo Lanham, Alice Embree and the Texas Observer for help with this story.)



Thorne Dreyer



Sue Mithun



Thorne Dreyer



Sue Mithun

BRAND NEW DENIM



TOO BAD

COLORADO LOVE SONG b/w
TEXAS REVOLUTION RECORDS

by Mike Zee

Mailer's *Maidstone* and Cassavete's *Husbands* — film cousins — rely on the improvisational techniques of actors and actresses to spontaneously make up their own lines and action.

When it works, the effect really puts you into the picture. When it fails, mainly because the dialogue is stilted, or the action drags from uncertainty, then the moviegoer painfully feels the flatness of an aborted experiment, the dullness of an unclear rap or the vague feeling you've heard that bad tune before.

But maybe that's what improvisational filming is about. As Norman Mailer explained it at a talk at Rice a few weeks ago, "filming Reality falls between a documentary and a fictional film." And according to Mailer, his method of improvisation deals with Reality. So this may mean the viewer more easily identifies not only with the unusual but the ordinary in the film — because his scope of reality is similar to that presented on the screen.

If this is so, then *Husbands* succeeds more than *Maidstone*. It's much easier to identify with the action and dialogue of *Husbands*. The death of a close friend shocks three middle-aged husbands to take a cold look at their own lives, now, before death snatches them, too. So *Husbands* deals with the questions of life and death and the struggles of three men played by, Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk and John Cassavetes, to find answers.

After the funeral, they decide to stop their routine living, and start doing only what they want. They drink all night, return to their homes the next day, and then in the afternoon decide to stop work and fly to London without their wives. During this time, they recapture the spontaneity of life, in effect act like children (the scene playing basketball in the Downtown gym), doing what comes naturally and the hell with responsibility. But finally responsibility and guilt motivates two of them to leave London, return home, evidently not too much the wiser about finding meaning in their lives. Gazzara remains in London but the film shows nothing about what he will do there.

To me, the ending did not fulfill the promise of the film. Evidently the film is saying that being close to your friends in a crisis can provide some meaning. That's somewhat true. But drinking, screwing and playing certainly falls short of finding complete meaning in life. Nevertheless, the search for meaning is a heavy theme. But not as heavy as the themes in *Maidstone*.

Mailer's film has at least three themes. First, love for hire in a whore house, the actual set for the film. Second, characterizing the actors and actresses making *Maidstone*, mainly, Mailer as the movie director and Rip Torn as his brother. Third, showing power hungry people considering whether to back the movie director, Mailer, for President of the United States or to assassinate him.

So, on the surface at least, it is easier to identify with the theme of *Husbands* than with the heavier layers of themes in *Maidstone*.

More than that, the dialogue in *Husbands* flows more naturally, often hilarious and biting. Obviously the three male leads know each other well off the screen. Just as obviously they respect each other as actors and as friends. This comes through clearly on the screen. They invite each other to speak — in an open, often warm relationship. Their warm camaraderie flows spontaneously (as in their wild walking race on a New York street) so that the inherent logic of their relationships seems to guide the cam-

Maidstone & Husbands



era, just as effect follows cause.

Not so in *Maidstone*. Only Mailer dominates. He wrote, directed, produced and played the main role. Where in *Husbands*, the actors openly responded to each other, in *Maidstone*, they looked to Mailer to lead the action, speak the dialogue, guide them. Except for scenes with Rip Torn and two actresses, no actors challenged Mailer.

This is probably what he wanted. In an epilogue scene, Mailer explains that most presidential candidates are like dictatorial movie directors, the kind that Mailer played in *Maidstone*. Just as the director manipulates through fear, charm, intimidation, so do presidential candidates. The methods are the same, it is just a degree of sophistication.

Mailer says he filmed *Maidstone* in five days and he kept his cast under constant pressure as he turned the heat on them. He needles the actors and actresses, getting gut reaction responses from most of them. He shows them making love. (One beautiful piece of photography, filming love-making in a swimming pool, as the camera whirls round and round, a vortex of art.)

Subtly, throughout the film, but with varying success, Mailer emphasizes his theme that most people buy love, if not with money, then by compromising their self-respect. He graphically shows this with actresses he hires. During the interview, producer-director Mailer leers "will you agree to perform in the nude if your character demands in an esthetic way that you disrobe, make love on film?"

Also in dealing with presidential candidates, Mailer indicates their obsessive need for mass love from the people in return for the compromises politicians must make to the few who rule Amerika.

Mailer entertains when he is on. You never know for sure what he will say or do. Usually he surprises. But without Mailer the film drags. Except for the final scenes, when Rip Torn decides to spontaneously bloody Mailer's head with a hammer. (The logic of the skeleton plot called for this, explains Torn.) Only then was Mailer upstaged, but he made up for it, biting off a part of Torn's ear, all on camera.

In comparison, *Husbands* is more enjoyable than *Maidstone*. Unless you take Mailer seriously. Then *Maidstone* is an intellectual exercise combined with showmanship and put-on. In *Husbands*, the meaning in each scene is close to the surface of dialogue and action. In *Maidstone*, the totality impresses; individual scenes sparkle or fade.

Mailer said at Rice that he shot 45 hours of film, cut this to nine, then finished with 1½ hours. Mailer copped out, in my opinion, in use of chapter headings and in the epilogue scenes. He addresses his cast and tells them what he tried to do and why he acted as he did. In reality, he is telling the audience, the movie goers, what the picture is all about. He also structures the scenes upcoming by chapter headings, telling the audience what to look for. This is a cop out. If his method was true, if his film was true, the audience would gather the meaning from the film, not needing an epilogue or chapter headings.

But remember Mailer attempted to capture Reality. Maybe his total of 45 hours of filming captured *Maidstone's* Reality. Obviously, cutting to 1½ hours is Mailer's Reality. With Mailer it's either-or. You either love the picture or hate it, Mailer said. He got my vote. The audiences divide 50-50.

Spud Carter

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What a Weekend!

Two leading local music emporiums were filled with sweet sounds the weekend preceeding this current issue; the pleasurable experiences afforded the audiences served to more than justify the less than considerable amount of capital expended by those attending.

Headlining the bill at Liberty Hall were the Flying Burrito Brothers, unquestionably sweethearts of the rodeo. Followers of the group packed the hall and took to screaming requests for their big hits during the second set. Alternating between electric and acoustical instruments, they weaved a fine web of country-bluegrass-mildly rock & roll influenced tunes, so mellow and so fine.

Former Byrd Chris Hillman served as mainstay with his bass, at times surrendering it for a little mandolin, which he proceeded to pick, plunk and strum, much to the delight of the assembled beer-drinkers. Rather than trying to live up to a name/image of the world famous Flying Burrito Brothers, they seemed to use it only as an excuse to do one thing — play music.

Before rushing over to Liberty Hall to catch the Burritos, I had been at Of Our Own, digging on the other program of musical entertainment set up for the weekend. (I was really tired by the end of the night after all the running around.)

In from California was Demian, ABC-Dunhill recording artists who used to play as Bubble Puppy a couple of years ago; they were one of the leading rock bands in the state at the time.

Sharing the bill this night was Big Sweet and folk singer guitarist Reb Smith. Long-time heavy group Big Sweet was up to its usual bag of driving noise. With all the new equipment complimenting their material, the sound was there, along with their regular group of fans who yell for more at the end of every performance.

Reb Smith's now familiar song patterns are consistently well received by those he plays in front of. Pity the poor Houston folksinger who puts all his time and energy into his music, only to discover that there are few places for him to play. (You can't make any kind of living at all playing between Sand Mountain and Of Our Own.)

A tight set of Ludwigs slts out in front of a wall of Sunn amplifiers, microphone stands loom tall in the foreground. The stage is dark, the crowd expectant, awaiting the arrival of Demian.

The group is introduced; they take the stage, at first shunning the tight Ludwigs and the wall of Sunn to play banjos and acoustical guitars. They make it clear from the outset they have come to play. Once they got plugged in, they really let loose. Two lead guitarists produce an incredibly complex wall of sound.

Todd Potter stands stage left, wiry, wrenching and weaving, pulling riffs out of his little red Gibson. Big and wild Rod Prince pushed his wah-wah pedal down (through the stage) creating a lead that roars. Bassist Roy Cox smoothly lays down a bass that at times competes with the leads for sheer power. Drummer David Fore (when I reviewed their album I said he was hot) is on fire.

"I WANT OUT OF THIS GOD-



Spencer Perskin of Shivas Headband, heading Austin show at Liberty Hall this weekend.



DAMN COUNTRY BUT THERES NO PLACE LEFT TO GO," Cox and Prince sing in unison on Cox's tune "Only A Loner". The excitement and energy are hard to imagine if you weren't there. At the set's end they were called back for more (three more, in fact). The first responded with an old Bubble Puppy stand-by, "Hot Smoke & Sassafras" — their first single, from about three years ago.

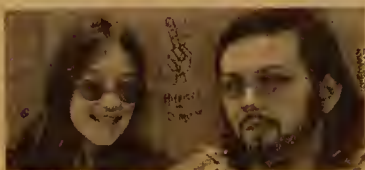
Beyond the excellent concert at the club the other night, I feel that the group is heading for wide acceptance. Chris Van Ness (music critic for the L.A. Free Press) in a recent review of their album said that with proper direction they could emerge as an important group.

The album was recorded about eight months ago; the group has not stood still since then. When they do another, the results will surprise many I think. Keep an eye on Demian.

Now some parting notes:

- 1) Next week at Liberty Hall is Shiva's Headband and Storm from Austin. Find their ad for details.
- 2) Next week at Of Our Own is Saturnalia with Rodowick and Friend. Check Space-In for details.
- 3) Check out the Demian album — it's good.
- 4) Watch for upcoming stories on the Flying Burritos & Alice Cooper.
- 5) Bye-bye and stay high.

— Jim Shannon



you really feel like yelling sexploitation, catch Tina Turners act sometime.

This brings us to Sexism.

One argument for "evident" sexism in rock, believe it or not, is that the electric guitar is actually a phallic symbol (for you laymen out there, that means it's a big dildo with steel strings). That's about as relevant as condemning blind people as perverts because they grope with canes.

I guess the most apparent example of so-called sexism in rock would be groupies. Smith writes, "And while sisters are forced to act as groupies by the culture, rock music continues the mystification and sexification of their humanity." "Forced to act as groupies. . . ." Who does he think he's kidding? I really doubt if there is a raped groupie in existence. When rock groups come to town they get hotel rooms under assumed names. One of the most precious things a musician can have is privacy, mainly because it's so scarce. The reason: groupies.

Did you see Altamont? Did you see the naked chick trying to claw her way to the stage? And what about, "Get fucked, I wanna touch Mick Jagger. I wanna touch Mick Jagger." No, I just can't see the majority of rock musicians being in music just to get fucked all the time. How would YOU feel knowing that when you slept with a woman she was not there because of who you are, but what you are? Just because the average rock musician probably realizes more of his sexual fantasies than his counterpart in the audience doesn't mean you can label him a sexist.

Let's face it. Just like with politics or medicine, the average person is presented with a very simple outlook concerning rock. The name-calling comes out of ignorance. Most people just don't understand this conglomeration that is both a business and an art. Rock music is part of our present development as a culture and will change as that culture changes. No one will ever have it all wired, it's too big for all that. You were right Clifton when you wrote, "Rock cultism didn't die at Altamont". It was around when Mozart packed 'em in Vienna and it'll be around a hundred years from now, and more. And you know something, I'm glad. — Mike Harvey

Reply to "Gang Rape"

I'm writing this because I'm sick up to here of people crying "sexism" and "racism" whenever the subject of Rock & Roll comes up. Clifton Smith, in his article "Gang Rape," said "Whiteness has always been a leech to black music. . . ." That's pure shit. Music, especially rock music, is an extension of the human body. Sounds kinda weird, but the basic rythms that music is based on are the rythms that keep all of us alive, e.g. the beating of the heart, the functioning of the lungs, etc. That's right folks, the foundation of all those rocking songs is the Autonomic nervous system, featuring Vegus Nerve. And we all got those, black, white, red, yellow, and brown. "Their" color right or wrong, rates the same as "my" color right or wrong. It all spells Racism.

Sure, the Stones did a lot of songs originally done by black bands, and even took on a somewhat black style, but it works both ways too. Pick up on "Psychedelic Shack" or the material done by Sly and the Family Stone or the Chambers Brothers. Jimi Hendrix didn't find that Wah-Wah pedal out on a Mississippi delta cotton patch, either. It was a product of psychedelic music which was mostly a white innovation.

I've only been involved in rock music for five years, but I think it safe to say that there's probably less racism practiced among people in this business than any other. It doesn't matter what color you are, what counts is how good a musician you are. And if

Women's Songs

A women's songbook is out! *The Women's Songbook* is a first in a series of journals. The first book has 23 songs (including "We Don't Need the Men" by Malvina Reynolds, a song from 718 B.C. Chinese, "Eucalyptus Tree" by Lynn O'Connor and "Q: Why Aren't Any Great Artists Women? A:" by Judy Busch). The songs are ancient, traditional and original. The book also includes photos, drawings poems, musical notes and a guitar chord chart.

The *Songbook* is part of an ongoing Oral Herstory Project which is designed to gather together and distribute records of women's experiences. Since 80% of the world's illiterates are women according to UNESCO, it is necessary to record on tape recorder or by hand on paper the songs and stories of women who have been kept from learning to read or write.

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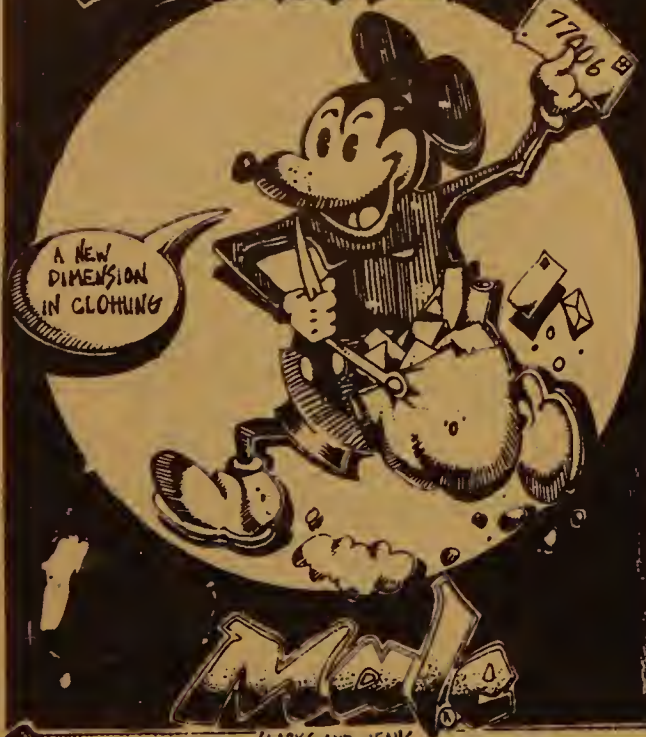
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LOWE



Cont. from 7

Well, we just didn't know what to think. We felt that Mike was bluffing, but then, one couldn't be too cautious. After all, the man was clearly mad as a hatter. No telling what he might do. After that, we forsook those lonely evening walks, travelled everywhere in pairs, religiously locked doors and windows. And you can be sure that we always knew where to find a shotgun quickly.

The next time Lowe made the scene, however, we were ready for him. He appeared one afternoon in February, 1970. Dennis Fitzgerald kept him occupied with idle chatter downstairs while Judy Fitzgerald contacted Cam and Sue Duncan on the phone. "Mike Lowe's here," she said. "Get over here with your camera." Cam and Sue took the long route, via the Sears parking lot where their suspicions were confirmed. There was that notorious red late model car with a black vinyl top: the license plate spelled out, most appropriately, NEVER.

Sue snapped a few pictures of the car as well as some of a couple in the car parked next to it. Sue said she had seen the people, a man and a woman, observing anti-war demonstrators at a peace march some months before. When the couple realized what was going on, they became angry and chased Cam and Sue's Volkswagon up Fannin to Wichita where the VW turned off and the other car drove on.

Cam and Sue burst into the Space City! office with the camera. Mike started getting a little jittery. Cam suggested that Mike let him take his picture, but Lowe didn't go for that idea at all. He dropped his papers and darted out the front door, with Cam, Dennis, Sue and the camera right behind him. The Space City! folks caught up with the suspect a few blocks from the office. Cam and Dennis wrestled him gently to the ground while Sue snapped his picture. They said that Lowe kept telling them that he "couldn't be our friend" after this. Was he mad! (We later traced the NEVER license plate to a Waco registration under the name of Michael Lowe and the plate on the other car to a Houston firm, the Brown Fintube company.)

Later that night, Mike and his friends drove by a few times in the never, never car. At one point, the intrepid Lowe marched up the front walk to reclaim the papers he had lost earlier. Every time the car drove by, we stuck a warning shotgun out the upstairs window. We didn't notice the Klan hanging around for several months after that. Forewarned is forearmed, and all that.

True to his word, Lowe was apparently no longer our "friend." We would only see him at large public gatherings, like anti-war rallies. The notorious red and black car was replaced by a goldish-brown car, which always seemed to be cruising around whenever bullets or arrows were fired at our office.

One of our cagey short-haired photographers did manage to snap a shot of

Lowe in United Klans of America regalia posing with a right-wing minister at the Klan rally near Crosby last year. "Here, Reverend, let me take your picture with the nice young Klansman here." They both beamed (no pun intended).

At any rate, we were happy when we found that Lowe had been picked up by the police and put behind bars.

We don't have much of an analysis of this man, except that he's dangerous, disturbing and probably very sick. We never could quite figure out what drove him to play those games with us, to blow his cover almost from the first time he came around. Surely he must have known that we weren't your traditional peace love stoned freaks, that we strongly believed in armed self-defense, particularly where right-wing terrorism is concerned.

I have since learned that they call him "The Kid" in the Klan and that he is generally considered to be pretty wacko. In fact, when Klan Grand Dragon Frank Converse was interviewed recently by Pacifica radio's Gary Thiher, he said, "I hope that little sonofabitch gets what's coming to him." Converse claimed that Lowe was an upstate Klansman and had never been a member of a local Klan "unit," and that even the Klan considers him pretty crazy.

Whether that's on the level or just Converse covering his tracks, we don't know. It's kind of hard to read those folks. But we have to agree with Converse on one point: Mike Lowe certainly is a crazy sonofabitch!

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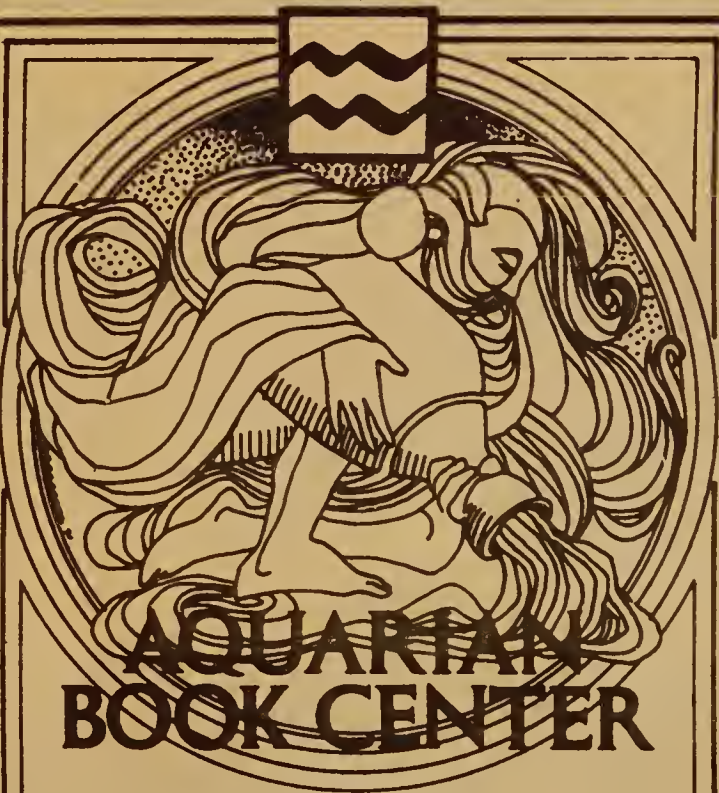
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.... more Letters!

Cont. from 2

he really *dig*s punishment. But what more is pain than electrical resistance to the expansion outward of our finite universe (of The Big Blast Theory)? Anxiety is merely a minor form of pain that does not meddle with our God-given and sacred central nervous system, unless we keep on making the wrong decisions and refuse for some reason to learn (maybe waiting for another life).

Freud was the answer, is the answer. See them mock HIM.

Jeff Williams
Houston

Ladies and Gentlemen:

When I, Johnnie Mae Hackworthe, owner of mansion (formerly Brenham Country Club) near Brenham on Highway 290, 66 miles from Houston, returned via plane from Los Angeles I was met at the Hobby International Airport by some Children of God who held aloof Space City! open to pages 10 and 11, displaying E.F. Shawver Jr.'s article "Jesus Tripping - Children of God". And with a guitar and dancing we celebrated last Tuesday night. They, the directors of the Children of God, state it is the best written article

of all printed to date. Thanks O, thanks!

And upon arriving in Los Angeles to visit the colony headquarters at 445 Towa St., a band of over 50 youth met me at the L.A. International Airport singing and dancing, to the great enjoyment of the patrons and me; also upon departure was a drive there in a bus with over 50 youth saying in a banner "God Bless You, Mother Zion."

I found that the Children of God are sweeping the West Coast. Last Sunday over 500 of them danced and sang at Griffith Park, and the nation's tv newscasters were present, taking pictures and beginning last Monday,

over a major station at the period of news, five minutes were devoted to their activities, with an announcement that each day following, for ten days, further five minute views would be played. A great difference is beginning to develop relative to the Children of God movement and those called "Jesus Freaks." The public is beginning to know the difference between those baptized with the Holy Spirit, as evidenced by the speaking in tongues of the Spirit, and those who are just normal part-time Christians. The Children of God are full-time! All the way, forsaking all to serve Jesus!

Sincerely,
Johnnie Mae Hackworthe



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The latest advance: a mother bomb that splits open sideways, releasing a cluster of one-foot bomblets, each capable of destroying a truck. . .

One of the many theories on the fall of the Roman Empire was that it was caused by lead preservatives added to the wine. The Romans became mentally deranged from the effects of lead poisoning.

Luckily, the Romans did not force the rest of the world to drink their poison as the Amerikans force the rest of the world to consume the waste they dump into the atmosphere and into the water.

The newsletter in the Feb. 15 issue of U.S. News & World Report contains "good news" about mercury in fish. The maximum acceptable level of mercury in food for the U.S. is 0.5 of a part per million. Mercury in amounts exceeding the acceptable level has been discovered in samples of canned tuna and swordfish. The newsletter informs readers that if they are apprehensive about other processed fish products, they can relax. FDA tests on frozen fish dinners, fish sticks and fish cakes show that the average mercury content is .06 of a part per million, well under the maximum.

The thing they do not mention is MERCURY DOES NOT GO AWAY. It cannot be eliminated by the body. It accumulates in brain cells and causes symptoms like mental derangement.

Maybe the Amerikans act so crazy because they have all got a case of



troops in. The soldiers are protecting their country by destroying the native culture and clearing the way for the war makers to supplant it with the Amerikan culture.

The man hitches the goat up to the cart, but the goat will not pull the cart. The man gets a switch and beats the goat till he bleeds, but he still will not move. The man ties a carrot to the end of the switch with a piece of string and dangles it in front of the goat, just out of reach of the animal's mouth. The goat takes a step forward in an attempt to reach it. The carrot moves with him, so he takes another step, then another. Pretty soon the goat is running down the road in pursuit of the elusive carrot, pulling the cart after him.

The average Amerikan is not the innocent goat who is tricked into running by having a carrot dangled in front of him. He voluntarily attaches the carrot to a band around his head and then takes off after it. He lives in a world of his own making.

The big businessmen do not have to worry about anyone refusing to run their race. They have set up a world wide system that conditions people to volunteer to run. They are slowly transforming Purgatory into a gigantic Insane Asylum, filled with inmates who do not want to escape because they think it is the normal world. Every evening before dinner they mix themselves a mercury cocktail and drink a toast to their oppressors. —Liz Strickland

MOTHER BOMB: or ECO-CIDE FOR FUN & PROFIT

mercury poisoning. We tend to think that insanity is the reason behind the chemicals being there, but the chemicals undoubtedly make the condition worse.

The big businessmen believe that all the world is One. Theirs is a

physical oneness rather than a spiritual oneness. Just the same, they do not recognize national boundaries. They control most of the world through business deals. If they can not coax people into participating in their economic system, they march

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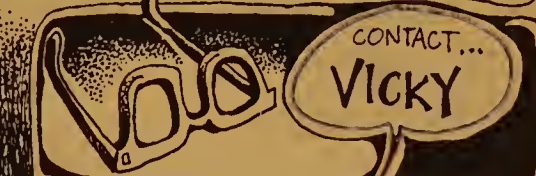


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